

Children's Newspaper

Every Wednesday—Threepence

FOUNDED BY ARTHUR MEE

No. 1708, December 15, 1951

THREE CLICKS HEARD ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

Jubilee of Marconi's historic day

LONG-distance wireless is 50 years old on December 12, for it was on that day in 1901 that the first trans-Atlantic wireless signal was sent out from the Old World and received in the New.

During that week in 1901 an old signalman was amused to see three young men "playing" with kites on a cliff near St. John's, Newfoundland. One of them, aged 27, was half Italian and half Irish, and his name was Guglielmo Marconi.

They told the old signalman what he must have thought was the most arrant nonsense he had ever heard: that they hoped to use a kite to hear a message sent out from Poldhu in Cornwall, 1800 miles away across the Atlantic.

The young men were in a state of tense excitement. In Poldhu one of their friends was sending out signals at fixed times for several days, using an electrical machine which Marconi had invented. Their experiment was costing £50,000.

Young Marconi had already demonstrated that it was possible to send electrical impulses over short distances without wires, but he had been assured by scientists that it would be impossible to send them over a long distance, because such electric waves go straight, and the Earth's surface is curved.

KITES IN THE GALE

The messages, they told Marconi, would simply go straight out into space and be lost. But they did not know then of the Heaviside Layer, as it is called, an electrical field on the edge of the atmosphere which reflects radio waves back to the Earth.

At Signal Hill, 50 years ago, Marconi's first troubles were with his big kites, made of silk and bamboo, one of which he hoped would serve as an aerial.

It was a tempestuous week, and the wires holding the kites kept breaking. A balloon was also lost in the gale. They had to fly kites for several days before, on December 12, they got one safely soaring 400 feet above the old signal house.

They carried the wire from the kite into a little room in the signal house, and attached it to an instrument, from which ran another wire to earphone receivers.

A LONG WAIT

Marconi put the earphones on and stared at the clock in the room. For a long time not a sound broke the stillness of the lonely house, except the wash of the waves 300 feet below the cliff.

For half an hour they took it in turns to listen. Then, while Marconi had the earphones on, he suddenly heard in them three clicks, as sharp and distinct as the rap of a pencil on the table; three dots—the letter S in the Morse code.

The taps had come from England, and they were repeated.

Nearly 2000 miles away one of Marconi's operators was tapping

TO THE RESCUE!

The R.A.F. maintains nine teams of mountain rescuers to aid crashed fliers or stranded civilian climbers. An N.C.O. is here seen making a practice ascent.

See page 7



on an electric machine. At every tap a strong current of electricity leapt across a gap and made a blue spark. At each spark a ripple of electric waves swept, silent and invisible and unfelt by human sense, across the Atlantic Ocean.

Reaching the cliffs of Newfoundland, the unseen waves of electricity struck the receiving apparatus fixed on the kite, ran

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KNELT ON BY ANGRY ELEPHANT

To have an angry elephant kneel on you must be a horrifying experience; and it happened recently to Mr. Spencer, a farmer of the Victoria Falls district of Southern Rhodesia.

He was out driving when he saw an exceptionally big bull elephant in the bush, about 50 yards from the road. Such a huge specimen was well worth a picture, he decided, and leaving his car he approached it with his camera.

The lord of the jungle was in no mood for being snapped, and charged. Although the farmer ran as hard as he could it soon caught him, threw him down, and then tried to crush him to death with its knees.

Luckily, the elephant's knees pressed on either side of Mr. Spencer's body, and he was pushed down into the soft earth by its cheek; but his back and head were gored. The elephant then got up and trumpeted wrathfully.

PRESENCE OF MIND

At this stage Mr. Spencer showed great presence of mind and lay quite still. Had he moved, his attacker would certainly have turned on him again. As it was, thinking the photographer was dead the elephant went off. Mr. Spencer was able to drive himself to hospital, where it was found that he was not seriously injured.

Even in the towns in Southern Rhodesia people sometimes have unpleasant encounters with wild creatures. Not long ago the staff of the National Building and Housing board were having their morning tea when a cobra slithered under the office door.

While most of the company sought refuge on desks and window-sills a bold official used a broomstick with telling effect.

EXIT THE SCAVENGER

Athlone Urban Council have decided that "scavenger" is an unbecoming term for their road-cleaners. They have decided that in future they shall be termed "scubadoirs," meaning sweepers or brushers.

"Scavenger" came from the term for a duty payable on certain goods, called a "scavage." The man who carried out the inspection of such goods was also an inspector of the streets, and was known as a "scavager," which developed into "scavenger."

CAR CINEMA

Britain's first drive-in cinema is due to open at Worthing in the New Year. It will have accommodation for 250 cars, and each parking space will be provided with plug-in heating devices, to keep motorists cosy while they watch the pictures. If the venture is successful, it is proposed to build others throughout the country.

JACKDAWS SAVE £124

Thanks to two jackdaws and a magpie at Palmerston Park, Southampton, patients at Southampton's children's hospital will again have additional treats for Christmas.

As usual, these birds have been collecting coins from visitors and burying them in the sand in their aviary. Now the money (£124) has been unearthed for the hospital's benefit.

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MALAYAN PROBLEMS

By the CN Diplomatic Correspondent

"PRETEND not to notice—but the house is on fire!"

Those ten words, it has been said, sum up the attitude of most Malaysians to the serious situation in their land.

Diplomats of the Western world have said openly that the five million people who live in Malaya hardly seem to realise there is a war in their midst, and that—like a house on fire—their country will be destroyed unless they do take notice very quickly.

The British Government have been so concerned about this indifference to disaster that they have sent Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, the Colonial Secretary, out there.

Out of that visit strong hopes are already emerging that the Malayan peoples have begun to rouse themselves to the dangers, and that with Britain's help the position will be dealt with effectively at last.

The war towards which the Malaysians in general have turned a blind eye began in this rich rubber country three years ago, when the Communists, reinforced and encouraged by the Chinese Communist Government, turned themselves into bandits.

At first their campaign consisted of sporadic raids. They staged hold-ups, slashed rubber trees, and stopped the people working. Gradually their operations have grown to a military scale.

DIVIDED COUNSEL

All this time the people of Malaya—about half of them Malays and half of Chinese origin—have felt that the war was really the concern of Britain, who had sent out some troops.

Perhaps the chief trouble is that everyone in Malaya seems to have a different idea about the best sort of government for the country.

It is not a British Colony. We might say it is a partnership with Britain. The most important people are nine Sultans who between them own much of the land. Each of them has his own State Council and Parliament, and treats separately with the British Crown when State matters affecting the two countries arise.

The Malays approve of their Sultans, and when the British Government proposed a few years ago to unite their country the Sultans strongly objected. They feared that the scheme would leave them as little more than estate managers in the territories they ruled.

NINE FEDERATED STATES

It was the first time that all the races in Malaya had felt the same way on any important subject. Britain was surprised at the indignation her well-meant suggestion had aroused, and agreed instead that a Federation of the States should be formed.

Now, the most outstanding political party is the Independence of Malaya Party, best known by its initials, I.M.P.

In the Federal Legislature this party have had much difficulty in deciding who is entitled to be called a citizen of Malaya. The Chinese, who form such a large part of the population, consider the regulations unfair.

Sometimes, moreover, the people say they want dominion status within the British Commonwealth,

while at other times they favour a different arrangement.

At last, however, it is beginning to look as if the dread reality of Communist ambushes on lonely roads, together with the great impudence of bandits who have even taken to marauding and trouble-making in the towns, has come home to the people. Malays and Chinese are beginning to get together in a much more friendly way.

The happy-go-lucky policemen are by now shaken by outrages committed almost at the doors of police stations. So, with the aid of Britain, training schools have been started to teach constables all the best ways of bandit-catching. Meanwhile, more and more Malays are joining up to serve alongside British soldiers in the even harsher war against the Communist troops lurking in the green jungles of this tropical country.

That is why there is new hope that the real effort needed to win the war is at last going to be made, and that the Communists and trouble-makers will be cleared out of Malaya, once and for all.

Three clicks across the Atlantic

Continued from page 1

down the wire into the signal-room, and made a sound on the receiver.

The great Italian himself said of that thrilling moment:

It was about half-past twelve when I heard three little clicks in the earphones. Several times they sounded, but I hardly dared believe.

"Can you hear anything, Mr. Kemp?" I asked, handing the receivers to my assistant.

"Of course," he told me, "the letter S in Morse."

Then I knew I was right. Electric waves were being sent out from Poldhu and were speeding over the Atlantic, serenely, ignoring the curvature of the Earth, which so many doubters had told me would be a fatal obstacle.

In that moment I knew that the day was not far off when I would be able to send full messages, without wires, across continents and oceans.

Nearly a year later, a powerful wireless transmitter was erected at Glace Bay, Cape Breton Island, off Nova Scotia, which sent messages to Poldhu. There Marconi's assistant, Mr. P. J. Woodward, recorded the messages on a strip of tape. He kept a strip as a memento for almost half a century, but recently presented it to the Science Museum, South Kensington, where it is a prized possession.



By the CN Press Gallery Correspondent

EDUCATION has been getting a fair slice of the Commons "cake" lately. The new Minister, Miss Florence Horsbrugh, has already given a hint of her attitude to the new General Certificate Examination.

"We do not want to press the children at too early an age," she says. "Nor do we want to keep them back."

What will flow from this remains to be seen. Meanwhile, Miss Horsbrugh will attend Cabinet meetings when matters of policy affecting education are discussed. An inquiry into her status is itself educative.

Her predecessor, Mr. George Tomlinson, was a member of the Cabinet. Under the new Government there are 16 members of the Cabinet and 18 other Ministers (of whom Miss Horsbrugh is one) not in the Cabinet. These figures include the four Law Officers.

The 18 "other Ministers" are officially described as having Cabinet rank. When necessary they can attend Cabinet meetings.

THE Scots have always been proud of their system of education. In the final resort the Scottish Secretary (Mr. James Stuart) is responsible for it. But, in addition to having a Minister of State—a new post—and two Under-Secretaries, he is to have a third Under-Secretary, who will deal mainly with education.

"I believe it is possible to be educated outside of Scotland," Mr. Stuart remarked, thoughtfully, the other night. "I know many M.P.s who have been very well educated, even in England. I do not think that is a terrible disaster. At any rate, let us hope for the best!"

DEFINITION DEPARTMENT: To call the present state of the world "world peace" is the same as trying to describe a prison as a palais de danse.—Major Legge-Bourke, M.P.

THE surest way to the heart of the House of Commons is to confess a mistake. Thus Mr. Harold Macmillan, Minister of Housing and Local Government, after having given an M.P. "some rapid information which was inaccurate," apologised:

"I can only plead, like Dr. Johnson, when he was asked why he had defined 'pastern' as 'a horse's knee'—'Ignorance, Madam, pure ignorance.'"

A COLLEAGUE remarked to me of a restive back-bencher who is dissatisfied with the Government's policy: "I wouldn't say he was disgruntled. But he is far from grunted."

CONGRATULATIONS to the M.P. who unflatteringly pronounced "anti-Britishism"; and to the Government Department which answered a letter within two days.

And thank you, Mr. Churchill, for saying: "I hate the word 'coordination.'"

News from Everywhere

POST EARLY

The G.P.O. recommend December 19 as the latest date for posting parcels and packets to ensure delivery by Christmas Day, and December 20 for letters and cards. Registered items should be posted earlier. The minimum charge for a Christmas card in an open envelope is now three-halfpence.

Jaroslav Konvalinka, the Czech who three months ago drove the "freedom train" over the border into Western Germany, is now working in a factory at Irvington, New Jersey, making toy trains!

Wales may soon have a new residential College of the Sea to replace the 30-year-old Smith Junior Nautical School at Cardiff. Approval in principle has been given to plans to provide an establishment to give pre-sea training to boys of 15-17 years of age.

YOUNG MATHEMATICIAN

B. J. Turner of Windsor has distinguished himself in the certificate examination of the County School with 100 per cent in pure mathematics, and 99 per cent in applied mathematics.

An inscription commemorating Henry Francis Lyte, author of *Abide with Me*, is to be placed on the bridge at Ednam, near Kelso, where he was born.

A bell from the church of Southend Village, Lewisham, will soon be ringing over the N.Z. fruit-growing and mining village of Ranurly, Otago. The bell was presented to the Vicar of Ranurly when he was in England.

BITER BIT

An African who was attacked by a lion in the Transvaal not long ago, bit the animal's nose, ear, and stomach, and twisted its tail. The man's wife dragged him into their hut and the lion ran away.

The Gilt Cross has been awarded to Brownie Sixer Sheila Cromey, aged 9½, of Ealing, for her courage in rescuing her sister Carole, who fell from a sea wall into rough water at Worthing.

The Danish research ship, *Galathea*, calling recently at Sydney for overhaul, showed visitors a shark-like fish, ten inches long and with no eyes, which had been caught at a depth of 16,000 feet off the Philippines. Only one of its kind has ever been found previously.

In New South Wales there is one radio set to every three people. The total number of sets in Australia exceeds two million.

WATER MUSIC

Miss Hazel Jennings, acting in a musical play at the New Theatre, London, was singing *Gaze not on Swans* when she received a shower bath; someone had accidentally turned on a fire extinguisher.

The People's Dispensary for Sick Animals now has 73 dispensaries throughout the British Isles, as well as 18 caravans. Last year nearly one million animals were treated. Dispensaries have also been established in Europe, Japan, Egypt, and South Africa.

There are now 350,000 tractors in use on farms in this country.

CHURCH PEWS A NOVELTY

The recent arrival of Tristan da Cunha's first church pews, presented by the London Diocesan Fund, created great interest among the 242 islanders. The hooks for hassocks were thought by one man to be convenient hangers for hats and caps.

The local authorities at Chesterfield propose to invite schoolboy and schoolgirl representatives to sit on the town's road safety committee.

Australia's rice crop for 1950-51 season, grown in New South Wales, is estimated at 4,500,000 bushels; this is 750,000 bushels more than in the previous season.

D'YE KEN?

John Peel's hunting horn is to be sold at Sotheby's this week.

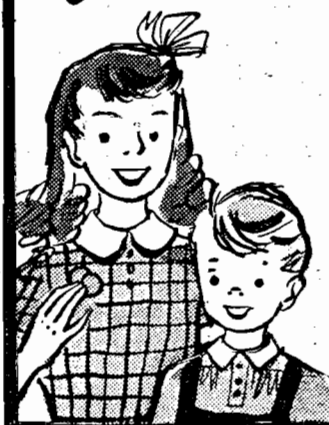
England's oldest practising doctor is believed to be Dr. W. H. Square, aged 91, of Leighton Buzzard, Bedfordshire.

Blind people bought over 500 copies of football fixtures in Braille this year.

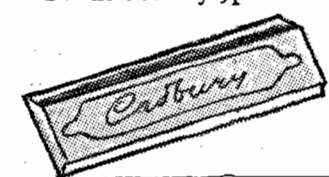
The first of two million trees which are to make a new Wharncliffe Forest, near Sheffield, have just been planted. A thousand acres are to be planted with larches, beeches, and American red oak.

Service charities are to receive £30,000 provided by the Royal Tournament at Earl's Court last June.

Please, I want Cadburys!



Yes, they both want Cadburys Milk Chocolate, because they love its beautiful creamy taste. And Cadburys make milk chocolate bars which fit in well with young people's pocket money. So when you call in for your weekly ration, just say 'I want Cadburys, please!'



The Children's Newspaper, December 15, 1951

LLOYD'S LOSES A CALLER

After 46 years' service Mr. H. C. Mallows is retiring from the post of "Caller" at Lloyd's, the world-famous London marine insurance house; and he takes with him a wonderful store of memories of historic events that have taken place on "the Floor."

One of his duties was to ring the famous Lutine Bell. One stroke on this bell is a sign of bad news, such as a shipwreck; two strokes means that the news is good, such as the appearance of an overdue vessel.

Mr. Mallows recalls that he was so nervous when he first had to sound the Lutine Bell that although the occasion called for two strokes, he could only sound it once!

LONE TRAVELLER TO LONDON

Mr. Clifford Ebbens, 40-year-old village cobbler at Bawdeswell in mid-Norfolk, has never been able to walk; but he has pressed on cheerfully with his work, never complaining.

Then the Ministry of Pensions provided him with an invalid chair, and, having passed the necessary tests, he began to think of new horizons. London was his first choice; he had never visited the great capital.

So, early one morning, Mr. Ebbens took to the road in his open chair. Nine hours later he reached the home of a relative at Tooting, 140 miles from his home.

He had a thoroughly enjoyable time, seeing many places of interest, and has made up his mind to repeat the trip next summer.

ROMAN COINS IN ICELAND

Having found Roman coins in Iceland, Professor Fritz Heichelheim, of Toronto University, holds that soldiers of the Roman Empire landed on that island as early as A.D. 300, at least 500 years before the Vikings discovered it.

The professor also suggests that Iceland may have been found even earlier—by Greek seafarers.

Minted during the period of three Roman Emperors, Aurelianus, Probus, and Diocletian, whose reign ended in A.D. 305, the coins were found on a desolate stretch of Icelandic coast. One of them was minted at Cyzicus, a famous city on the Asiatic side of the Sea of Marmara. The two others were issued in Rome.

MORE MODEL FLYERS

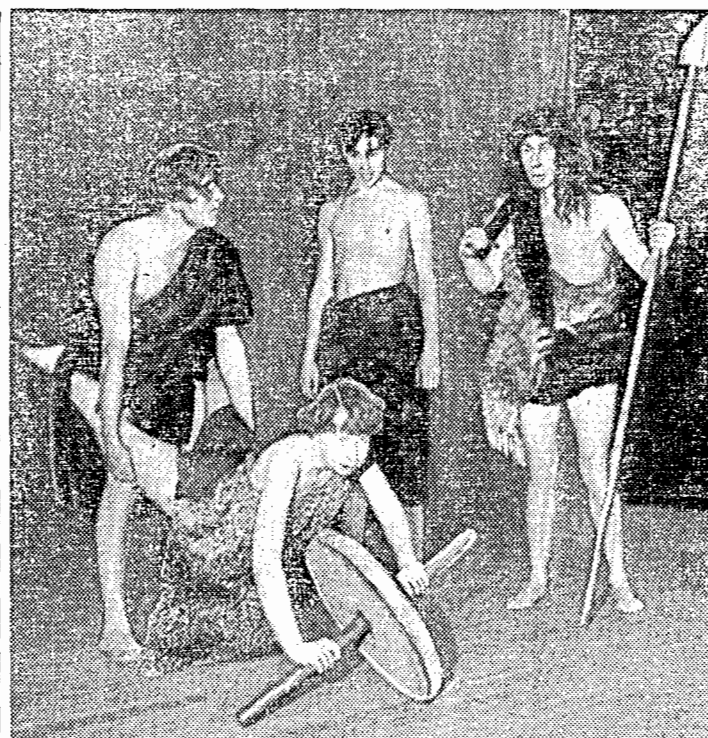
The Society of Model Aeronautical Engineers have just announced that 5396 entries were received for the various National competitions during the 1951 season, an increase of over 1500 on 1950.

Gliders were the most popular type of model, attracting a total entry of nearly 2000 and representing an average of 330 entries per competition. Power models were next, with an average entry of 230, and "rubber" models third with an average entry of 172 per competition.

During the season 37 new British model aircraft records were established—a record number for any single year.

HOWLING SUCCESS

In a recent Hollywood film, seven two-week-old babies took part. They were only "on the set," with stage parents, for 12 seconds but earned £20.



Prehistoric traffic trouble

Even when there were no roads it was possible to get run over by a human wheelbarrow, according to this scene, entitled *The First Wheel*, in a road safety revue presented at Lewisham by 100 local amateurs.

TINNED WATER

Who would have thought of canning water and then selling it? An American firm have started to do so, and they are receiving far more orders than they can cope with.

Once canned, the water stays clean and pure for at least ten years, and the tin, of course, can stand up to heat or cold.

Chief buyers are the armed services, anxious to store pure, fresh water against any emergency. Ordinary customers include explorers, hunters, campers, and merchant ships.

In one of the earlier attempts to can water it was sealed in plastic bags which passed every test but one—if given a sudden knock, they broke.

MEDIEVAL VILLAGE FOUND

Students working with Somerset County Museum officials have uncovered, at Long Sutton, Somerset, part of the site of a moorland village thought to have been buried for at least 500 years.

For many years in the neighbourhood there have been rumours of a buried village, and reports had been received of farm-workers striking hard substances with their tools near to the traditional site.

Now excavations have disclosed the remains of several large buildings with walls of local stone, and fragments of pottery.

REEDS FOR ROOFS

Anglers in Warwickshire are being asked by the Rural Community Council to gather various types of reeds from rivers. There is a shortage of straw for house-thatching because local farmers need it for their own ricks and so are unwilling to sell it. It is hoped that some types of river reed will prove suitable.

SPRING TO THE RESCUE

Electric clocks are liable to suffer from power cuts, but a new electro-mechanical clock has been produced which overcomes such possible failings.

Normally the clock works by electricity, but should the current fail through a power cut or a blown fuse, a clockwork mechanism immediately takes over and keeps the clock going. When the electric current is restored the mechanical power cuts out again, automatically.

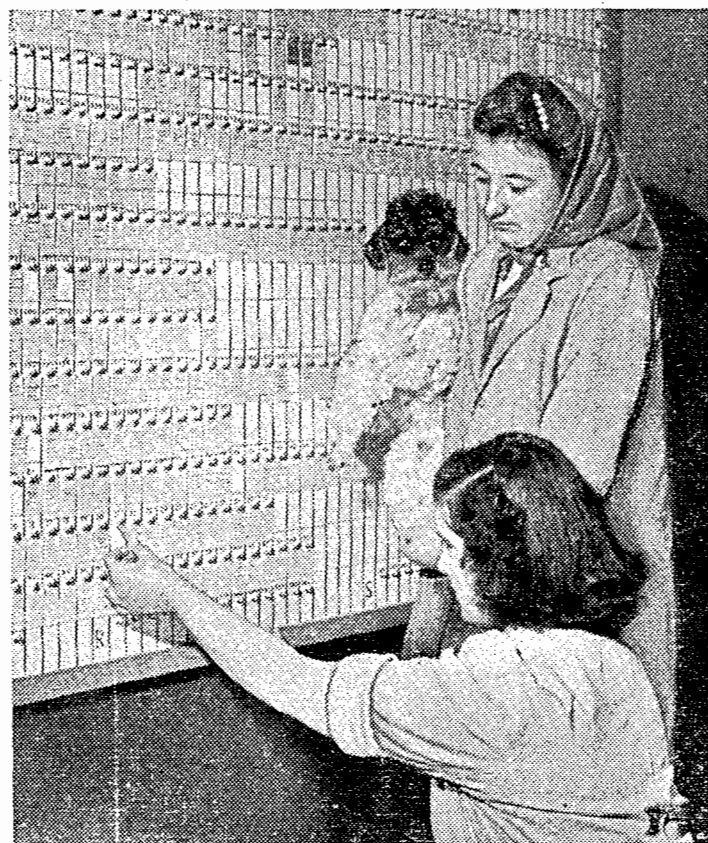
Even with fairly frequent power cuts the clockwork spring does not need winding more than about twice a year. Just to make sure that you do not neglect to wind it an indicator appears on the dial when the spring is nearly unwound.

WHEN OWLS STOP HOOTING

To make a recording of an owl hooting, Major Henry Douglas Home had to wait seven years.

He told this to an Edinburgh audience recently, and explained that owls, no matter how loudly they were hooting when he reached the spot, almost always fell silent the moment he switched on the recording apparatus.

The only reason the Major could give for this was that owls possessed remarkably sensitive hearing and at once were aware of the slight hum from the recording apparatus. Immediately this started they fell silent.



Hotel for dogs

A dog is here seen being checked in and given a number on the elaborate control board at the Hackbridge Kennels, near Wailington, Surrey.



THE INK-SEAL CAP. Inside the cap of the Blackbird pen is a screw-thread running up to a carefully-turned shoulder. When you screw the cap on to the barrel this shoulder and the barrel-end come tightly together in a perfect ink-tight joint. The nib is protected, the cap will not come off in your pocket, the ink cannot flood over the part of the pen you hold when writing. The Blackbird is always ready for use without making inky fingers!

Next to a real Swan pen a Blackbird is the best pen to own. With Christmas coming along, remember to say, "Please give me a Blackbird!"

14/8 inc. tax, in black and colours (or with Azgold cap 18/4). Matching Fyne-Poynt pencils 6/9 and 10/5 from all good Stationers.

THE **BLACKBIRD** PEN

MADE BY THE SWAN PEN PEOPLE

MADE, TODD & CO. LTD., Swan House, Whitby Av., Park Royal, N.W.10.
Service Depots & Showrooms: 110 New Bond Street, London, W.1.
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Young Canadians in little Rutland

The sons of Royal Canadian Air Force men wave as a Vampire jet aircraft takes off from the station at Luffenham, Rutland; which was recently handed over to the R.C.A.F.

SCHEMING STATESMAN

The 18th century was a time of great intrigue and magnificent oratory, and Viscount Bolingbroke, who died 200 years ago on December 12, was in many ways typical of the period.

His praises have been sung by Swift, Pope, and Edmund Burke; and Voltaire, the brilliant French author and critic, thought him a man of exceptional learning and culture. Without doubt, Bolingbroke squandered many of his gifts

in petty intrigues, but he also laid the foundations upon which much of our Colonial Empire was built.

Born as Henry St. John, in a manor house at Battersea in 1678, he was educated at Eton. After a long visit to Europe he was elected a Tory M.P. when he was only 21. His brilliant Parliamentary skill was soon the talk of the town, and at 25 he became War Minister. A few years later he was appointed Secretary of State.

He was a hard worker. Indeed, Swift described him "plodding whole days and nights like the lowest clerk in an office." His task now was to make peace with France, for the country was weary of the War of the Spanish Succession.

FAMOUS TREATY

As Viscount Bolingbroke, he started secret talks with the Foreign Minister of France, and the Treaty of Utrecht was signed on March 31, 1713.

Under this treaty France ceded to this country Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, some islands in the West Indies, and the Hudson Bay territory. Even more important, Spain handed over Gibraltar and Minorca.

But the Whigs, declaring that Bolingbroke had betrayed our Dutch Allies, denounced him as a traitor.

He was, indeed, soon out of office. He had always hoped to restore James III—the "Old Pretender"—to the British throne, but within a few days of the completion of his plans Queen Anne died. The Privy Council met, George I was made king, and the new Premier, Walpole, demanded the impeachment of the treaty-makers.

Bolingbroke fled in disguise to Paris, where he became secretary to the Old Pretender, but quarrelled with him after the foolish invasion of 1715.

After several years in France, this proud and impulsive man was permitted to return to his home country, where he wrote his *The Patriot King*, regarded as a model of literary style.

In the Air

By the C N Flying Correspondent

Flying cows

ONE thousand eight hundred cows, en route from Ireland to Italy, are being flown across the Channel by Silver City Airways in one of the largest "cattle lifts" ever carried out.

The cows are being loaded, eight to a plane, in special stalls in Freighter aircraft. Three hundred a week are being flown from Lympe to Le Touquet.

It has been found that animals prefer the smoothness of the air to the choppy sea journey, and the 20-minute flight saves the shippers more than a day.

No kitchen stove?

THE corpulent Bristol Freighter is frequently referred to as an "aerial pantechicon," but it recently justified this name in a big way.

One Freighter-load of furniture delivered for a firm in New South Wales by Australian National Airways included: 7 lounge suites, 4 bedroom suites, 44 double-bed mattresses, 120 pillows, 3 china cabinets, 3 writing cabinets, 3 bookcases, 6 occasional tables, 6 kitchen tables, 32 chairs, 12 beds, wire mattresses, and carpets, 120 floor rugs, and 10 rolls of linoleum.

The single load was, in fact, claimed to be enough to furnish several homes.

Airfield control by TV

TELESCRIBE, a novel system of TV designed to pass on messages, may be introduced to speed up air traffic control at London Airport.

At the moment the control teams of the Air Traffic Control Centre at Uxbridge, those on the Airport Control Tower, the radar van on the airfield, and also London Radar, are in contact by telephone. At busy times the lines become saturated, and this results in delays.

The new technique will mean that the airfield radar operator, on picking up an airliner, will be able to transmit a "picture" of its position.

This will merely entail marking its course on a prepared map on glass, together with its call-sign. Repeater Telescribe sets in the control rooms will screen the information instantly.

"Wingless Wonder"

FUTURE pilots of the radar-equipped F-86 D fighter will learn how to fly their machines without leaving the ground.

The amazing device that makes this possible is known as an electronic flight simulator. It duplicates the cockpit and the handling characteristics of this 700-m.p.h. plane in every detail. Computers work out how the pilot "flew" the plane and show his errors.

The trainer contains 1152 electronic tubes and 60 miles of wiring. It is the first to reproduce the effect of two planes—the one being flown and an enemy plane which crosses the radar scope at the speed of sound.

MARS AND SATURN ARE CLOSE TOGETHER

By the C N Astronomer

MARS and Saturn will appear very close together on the morning of December 19, when Saturn will be about twice the Moon's width above Mars.

The planets should be looked for before the sky becomes too light—that is, until about an hour before sunrise. At about 7 a.m. they will be seen a little to the left of due south. But the earlier they are looked for the better, although then they will be more to the south-east.

The two worlds will be readily identified, being the brightest objects in that region. The yellowish hue of Mars below Saturn will serve to distinguish them.

Seen telescopically the sphere of Saturn appears nearly three times wider than that of Mars, and in a wide field-of-view of a telescope they will present a charming sight.

Though appearing so close together, actually about 750 million miles divide them, for we see them merely in the line of sight. Saturn is at present about 910 million miles from us as compared with Mars' distance of about 158 million miles.

Both worlds are approaching the Earth, as it appears to us, though in reality it is our world that is overtaking Mars. So rapidly is it doing so that he will soon exceed Saturn in apparent brilliance, and even rival Jupiter, which is now so bright in the south-west sky of an evening.

THAT far-off world Uranus is now becoming well placed for observation in the late evening.

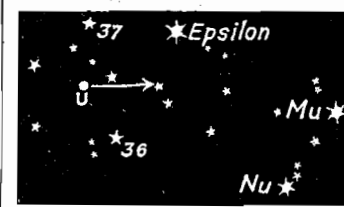
It appears among that grand assemblage of stars in the constellation of Gemini. The dark, moonless nights of the next two weeks are very favourable for observing this planet among the stellar host.

The position of Uranus was indicated on the star-map in the C N for December 1, but from that small scale such a faint 6th-magnitude object as Uranus will not be easy to identify, though its

locality in the south-east sky is shown.

In the accompanying star-map the region near the stars Epsilon, Mu, and Nu in Gemini is shown on a much larger scale, and with all the stars down to and a little below the brightness of Uranus, which is indicated by the letter U beneath it.

This planet will therefore stand out clearly and it will be an easy matter to identify Uranus at once, providing the night sky be dark and clear. His gradual motion towards the right is indicated by the arrow, which shows the extent



of his apparent movement during the next two months.

It should be very interesting, therefore, to note from week to week this tiny spot of light speeding through space at an average rate of 255 miles a minute, and seemingly threading its remote way among the stars.

Of these there seem to be myriads fainter than Uranus when a telescope is used. Even binoculars will reveal many, but as they will include the bright star Epsilon in the field-of-view of the glasses, following Uranus becomes a very easy matter.

When this tiny star-like spot of light is being followed, one should bear in mind that it is the farthest world it is possible to see with the naked eye, and that it is at present about 1640 million miles distant.

It is a great revolving sphere 56 times larger than the Earth, and not as lonely as it looks, for it has a retinue of five moons to keep it company. They are Miranda, Ariel, Umbriel, Titania, and Oberon, the last two being nearly as large as our Moon.

The whole family will be at their nearest to the Earth early in January. G. F. M.

**Just in time
for Christmas!**

**These four
exciting
books**

The Castle of Secrets

By David Morris. A thrilling story about some schoolboys who foil a plot by a clever crook—and in so doing help to discover a treasure that has been lost for centuries. With illustrations. 7/6 net.

The Clock Stood Still

By Ronald Welch. When the first line from a well-known rhyme was spoken at three o'clock—it had to be three o'clock, naturally—the clock stopped and a wonderful series of adventures began for Peter and his sister. With illustrations. 8/6 net.

The Mystery of the Snakeskin Belt

The story of the Mary Field film, told by Mary Cathcart Borer. It is an exciting adventure tale concerning a hunt for hidden treasure and a race against unscrupulous rivals. Illustrated with stills from the film. 7/6 net.

Distant Hills

By Mary Cathcart Borer. A breathtaking tale of pioneering days in Africa, of a search for gold and of a long trek that brought a happy ending. Illustrated. 8/6 net.

Published by

SIR ISAAC PITMAN & SONS, Ltd.
Parker Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

Whipsnade baby



Dolly the Ankole cow parades with her young baby, the first one ever born at Whipsnade.

POETRY IN TEXAS

Readers of Sheila Godfrey's articles on the United States will recall her insistence on the virility of the people of Texas.

Those great and vigorous poets the Brownings would have admired many of the qualities of the Texans, and as evidence that the Texans admire both these writers, a Browning library has been founded at Baylor University, Waco.

This library includes manuscripts, letters, and biographical material of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, as well as a large number of first editions. The collection has been valued at £178,000.

The chairman of the English Department of the University has travelled far and wide to secure the material. His travels have included a journey round the world and 32 crossings of the Atlantic.

The Children's Newspaper, December 15, 1951

5

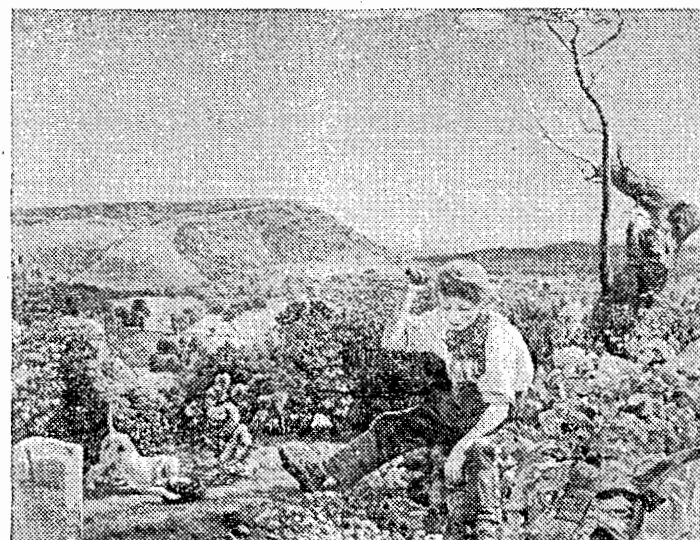
Looking Back—First 100 Years of the Royal Academy



George Herbert at Bemerton,
by William Dyce, R.A.



Chief of the Macdonells,
by Sir Henry Raeburn, R.A.



The Stone Breaker,
by John Brett, A.R.A.



The Woodman's Daughter,
by Sir John E. Millais, P.R.A.



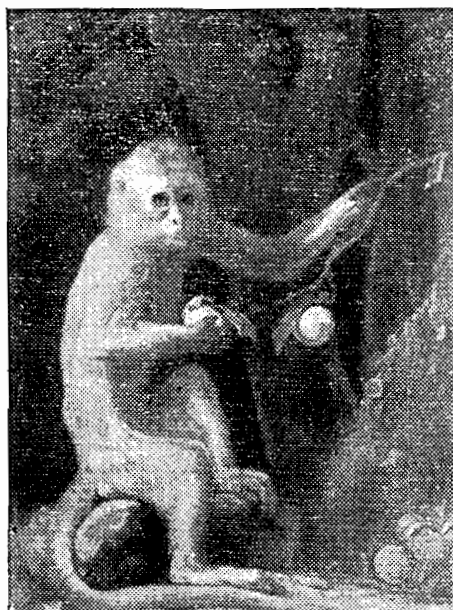
A Family Group,
by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.



Shaftesbury, or Lost and Found,
by William Macduff



Girl with Pigs, by Thomas Gainsborough, R.A.



Monkey, by George Stubbs, A.R.A.



A Fortune-teller, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.

We reproduce on this page a few of the pictures which the Royal Academy is presenting this winter in its exhibition of paintings, sculpture, water-colours, and architectural drawings selected from the first hundred of its annual exhibitions, which began in 1769. It contains

especially fine groups of paintings by Reynolds (the first President of the R.A.), Gainsborough, Lawrence, Turner, Constable, and the Pre-Raphaelites, in addition to a large number of representative works by many other exhibitors of the time. This special exhibition has been

made possible through the loan by the King of numerous works from the Royal Collection, and through the co-operation of public galleries and private owners throughout the country. The exhibition (at Burlington House, Piccadilly) will remain open until March 9 next year.

Children's Newspaper

John Carpenter House
Whitefriars · London · EC4
DECEMBER 15 1951

A HOME OF THEIR OWN

HOME is precious to us all—there is still no place like home—and it has been a matter of sorrow that among us there should be thousands deprived for so long of a real home. When families live crowded together in one house, they may have a roof over their heads but they can hardly be said to have a home.

The efforts of authorities of all parties to speed up building are praiseworthy, but the business of providing sufficient houses for every family to have a home of its own is something which must be raised above party politics.

BUILDING a house with bricks and mortar, timber, concrete, is a relatively long job compared with the production of other necessities in this scientific age. The war, of course, was the main cause of the shortage, and there are still many factors which prevent the building of all the homes so badly needed; the chief being a shortage of certain raw materials and a shortage of skilled workers.

But where there's a will there's a way—where there's unity. Team work can conquer mountains; team work alone can give Britons the homes they need.

The Editor's Table

MERCIA'S LITTLE SAINT

*In our sweet shires of Mercia
Five blessed saints we had,
Four were proud princes of the church
And one was a little lad.*

MANY legends have grown around the "little lad" of Francis Brett Young's poem: Kenelm, King of Mercia, whose name we remember particularly on December 13.

It is said that he became King of Mercia in the ninth century when only seven and that a few days after the coronation his jealous sister, Cynefrith, plotted to overthrow him.

Her cunning succeeded. Kenelm disappeared and Cynefrith became queen. But the legends go on to relate how a snow-white dove flew to Rome and told the Pope of the sad happening in far-away Mercia.

Cynefrith was exposed and overthrown by her outraged subjects; but the little King Kenelm has been revered down the ages as a martyr and a saint.

That average man

WE are told some interesting facts about the Average Briton in Behind the Gallup Poll (News Chronicle, 1s.). Perhaps this is the Man in the Street we read about so much.

Apparently he is five foot eight, weighs 11 stone 1 lb., prefers soccer to other games, and dogs to cats. His favourite meal is chicken and roast potatoes. He values in a wife not so much her looks as her skill in making him comfortable at home.

The CN is of the opinion that public opinion polls should now turn their attentions to average children, and find out what they think of the world they live in. The result might be quite startling.

Germany says Thank You

A GRACEFUL and encouraging gesture is being made by the German people to certain other nations. They have started a thank-offering fund to acquire works of art which they propose to give to countries which helped Germany after her defeat.

The appeal says: "In the time of Germany's greatest need, the unselfish help of men and women whose help the German people had no right to expect, contributed essentially to relieving our misery. The German people cannot repay what they received, but they can manifest their thanks by offering as a token of gratitude the works of contemporary artists to those countries who helped."

This gratitude will do much to allay the bitter feelings left by the war.

THOSE GOOD OLD DAYS

RECENTLY we heard an old gentleman lamenting: "When I first came to London it was worth living and working in—hansom cabs, horse buses."

Sometimes we grow rather tired of hearing old folk praising the past. But 'twas ever thus; 100 years ago old stagers were saying how much better than the railways the stage coaches had been.

A writer in The Times declared that "the railway is by no means so accessible as the old stage-coach." The coaches, he pointed out, would pass right through the Metropolis, stopping to pick up passengers, and always ready to be hailed. They did not mind waiting for late-comers either.

But those railways! One had to travel by cab for miles through London to reach their stations in time.

When we grow old we shall doubtless be sighing for the dear old days of leisurely airliners and 50-mile-an-hour cars.

The Head's Study

THE old idea of the headmaster's room as a forbidden sanctum is vanishing in the modern structure of primary schools; thus states a recent Ministry of Education bulletin.

To many young people in the past, the Head's study was not only forbidden territory; it was forbidden, and they either gave this holy of holies a wide berth or tiptoed anxiously past its door. Nowadays, says the bulletin, such rooms are adjacent to the entrance hall, readily accessible to visitors, and within easy reach of all the classes.

We are glad that this more human view of the Head's study has now won the day. While it can never be a room into which a pupil can casually saunter, fully at ease, it should certainly be a place to inspire feelings of confidence and friendship rather than foreboding.

JUST AN IDEA

As Viscount Bolingbroke wrote: Truth lies within a little and certain compass, but error is immense.

GREEN FINGERS



THIS unusual growth of clinging ivy is to be seen on the side of a small roadside cottage near Ballinahinch, in County Down, Northern Ireland. Whether it is intended to represent the "green fingers" of a born gardener, or the "big hand" of warm welcome, we are unable to say. In any case it is a most effective way of adorning a blank wall.

BE YOURSELF

Whatever you are from nature, keep to it; never desert your own line of talent. Be what nature intended you for, and you will succeed; be anything else, and you will be ten thousand times worse than nothing.

Sydney Smith

Under the Editor's Table

PETER PUCK
WANTS TO
KNOW

If plumbers are
always on tap

Surprise is an important part of story-writing, says a critic. Sometimes the surprise is that the story should have been published.

You can judge character from the way people put their feet down. And why they put their foot down.

BILLY BEETLE



*Sailing has been brought within
the reach of the man in the street.
Perhaps he uses a stream of traffic.*

Sharp-tongued people cause mischief. Especially when they get blunt.

*An organist uses his feet as
much as his hands. Does his
music have footnotes?*

Climbers on walls and fences make a garden, says a gardener. But not if they are small boys.

The Children's Newspaper, December 15, 1951

THINGS SAID

CAN the nation be compelled to realise that the higher standard it demands must be earned; or is England doomed because its people refuse to believe that the world does not owe us something for nothing?

Mr. Cyril Osborne, M.P.

THAT there should be today more than twice as many men reading arts as there are training in applied science, makes me wonder if our sense of values is not in urgent need of adjustment.

Sir Claude Gibb,
at London University

REGULAR, quiet, honest work is a cure for most ills.

Sir Gerald Dodson, Recorder of London

MANY people either eat the wrong sort of breakfast too fast, or have none at all.

Central Council for Health Education

PRINCESS MARGARET has set an example by buying fewer dresses and wearing them more often.

Norman Hartnell,
Court dressmaker

NO MORE A-ROVING

So, we'll go no more a-roving
So late into the night,
Though the heart be still as
loving,
And the moon be still as bright.

For the sword outwears its
sheath,
And the soul wears out the
breast,
And the heart must pause to
breathe,
And love itself have rest.

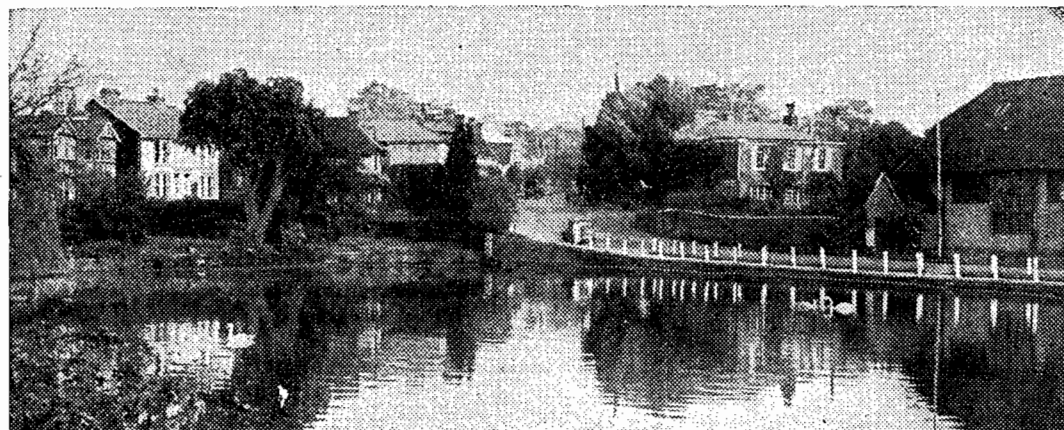
Though the night was made for
loving,
And the day returns too soon,
Yet we'll go no more a-roving
By the light of the moon.

Byron

Thirty years ago

THE proceedings at the burial of the Unknown Warrior at the Arlington Amphitheatre, in Washington, marked not only a thrilling episode in American history but a triumphant step in science. President Harding's oration . . . was carried by telephone and telegraph wires across America and heard on the shores of the Pacific and Atlantic. From one side of America to the other the President's voice rang in clear and rousing tones. The experiment was a tremendous success.

From the Children's Newspaper,
December 10, 1921.



OUR HOMELAND

The pond and High Street at Lindfield. Much of this Sussex village is scheduled for preservation.

The Children's Newspaper, December 15, 1951

LEARNING TO BE A FARMER

12. Ploughing a straight furrow

Sugar beet and turnip lifting formed the subject of November's farm work. In his final article the author returns to the importance of ploughing to keep the ground sweet, and leaves us, as it does Ian after his year's experience, convinced that there is no other job quite like farming.

IAN spent the first part of his last month at Grove Farm under the careful guidance of Bob, the ploughman, learning how to plough. Mr. Waring's other ploughman was ill, and as the farmer particularly wanted the ploughing done quickly he decided to let Ian have a try.

In a very short time Ian was able to carry on ploughing on his own, and he and Bob between them soon finished the job. Mr. Waring came up to meet Ian just as he was bringing the tractor home.

"Just a minute," he said, "let's see what sort of a job you've made."

"Yes," said the farmer after they had walked the length of the

I intend starting tomorrow. In fact, I've just told Bob to fetch the potato sorter up to the clamp. Here he comes now; let us go over and have a look at it."

They walked across the field and helped Bob place the sorter next to the clamp. It had a shallow box, the bottom being made of wire mesh.

"Put a few shovelfuls of potatoes in, Bob," said Mr. Waring, "and we'll show Ian how it works."

Bob did so, and as Mr. Waring turned the handle at the side of the machine the box started to rock violently.

"See, Ian," said the farmer, "the potatoes are put in at one end and they are shaken over the wire mesh at the bottom. The small potatoes fall through the mesh; they are called 'chats' and go for cattle feeding. But the big ones, or the 'ware,' carry on up the elevator, and into the sacks hung on the end."

They left the potato sorter and walked back to where Ian had left his tractor.



A potato sorter in operation

field, "very good indeed; in fact, I can't see where you started and Bob finished, which makes your work as good as his."

Ian was very pleased to receive such commendation, because he knew that Mr. Waring was not one to give praise unless he thought it was deserved.

"Don't forget, though, Mr. Waring," he said, "Bob set the plough for me. I'm afraid I don't know enough about it yet to do that myself."

"I realise that," said the farmer, "but, all the same, it's good. Do you see how he sets the plough so that it makes furrows which are set up on their edges? That is so that the maximum area of soil is exposed to the frosts."

"There is nothing like a good frost to break up the ground so that it will form a good seed-bed in the spring. That is why I was so anxious to get all the ploughing finished before the frosts came."

"When are you going to start on the potatoes in the clamp, Mr. Waring?" asked Ian.

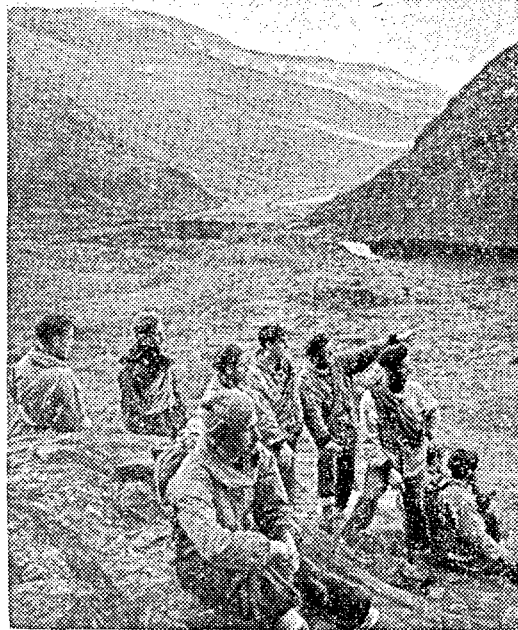
"It's strange you should ask that," replied the farmer, "because

TURTLE TURNS NORTH

A six-foot turtle, one of the leather turtles normally only found in tropical waters, was recently captured by the Danish fishing cutter Liberty in the North Sea about 150 miles east of the Firth of Forth.

The turtle was taken on a shark hook, and, though efforts were made to keep it alive, it died before the boat arrived back in Denmark.

Mountain Rescue Men of the R.A.F.



Twelve picked men of the R.A.F. Mountain Rescue Unit have been undergoing a "toughening" course in Snowdonia. For twelve days they "lived rough," eating iron rations, and carrying out mock rescues by new methods. The picture on the left shows the team discussing plans at the foot of Tryfan mountain. Above, we see them eating a hearty meal before beginning a strenuous day.

SHIP IN 3482 PIECES

A ship which was carried by native porters across African mountain passes has just celebrated her 50th birthday. She is the steamer Chauncy Maples, built at Polmadie on the Clyde, and shipped out to Africa for service on Lake Nyasa for the Universities' Mission to Central Africa.

The vessel, which is 127 feet long, was dismantled and specially packaged in small loads that could be carried on the heads of African porters. There were 3481 packages! The boiler, weighing 12 tons, was a more difficult problem. Eventually it was mounted on wheels, and pushed or pulled by 450 natives up and down the mountains to Lake Nyasa.

The 3482-piece ship is still in service, carrying missionaries on their errands of mercy on the lake.

KEEPING FIT IN WINTER

7. Baths and hygiene

Apart from removing visible dirt, you must wash to keep the pores of your body from becoming clogged. If they are not free and open you become more liable to catch colds and other illnesses.

If frequent baths are not practicable, wash your body every day, especially the parts where you perspire freely. Rub down afterwards with a rough towel; it will make you glow.

As for baths, do not have them too hot, or stay in too long.

First thing in the morning and last thing at night, brush your teeth with a vigorous up-and-down movement.

Once a week wash your head—not just your hair—by rubbing the soap or shampoo well into the scalp and rinsing thoroughly. Dry your head thoroughly before going out into a draught.

Trim your finger and toe nails, and keep them clean.

Before you eat, always wash your hands.

V. S.

Next week: Exercises

WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS

It is something of a triumph—as well as an ordeal—for a 12-year-old actress to perform in public for the first time at a big provincial theatre, and then to go direct to a London theatre. That will be the experience of Janice Edgard, who is seen in the picture below with 14-year-old Sylvia Ellis.

They are the "juvenile leads" in a famous children's play, *Where the Rainbow Ends*, which will be presented next week at the Essoldo Theatre, Brighton, and then will open at the Winter



Janice Edgard and Sylvia Ellis, young stars of the play, *Where the Rainbow Ends*.

Garden Theatre, London, on Christmas Eve. It will be there for a month, and then tour a number of provincial cities.

Both girls are pupils at the Italia Conti Stage School, where they

carry on with their general education as well as learn to act. A large company of the Italia Conti children are to play in *Where the Rainbow Ends*, together with Anton Dolin's Corps de Ballet. Sylvia Ellis is an "old hand" in the play, for she was a fairy in last year's production.

St. George is to be played by Donald Houston, and other leading roles will be taken by Winifred Shotter, Charles Heslop, and Joan Emney. Willoughby Gray, who is the Dragon King, has an unusual hobby; he makes toy soldiers of of the 14th century, and even works on them between his stage appearances.

Where the Rainbow Ends is a play about children who go on a perilous journey to find their parents. Written by Clifford Mills and John Ramsay, it was first produced in 1911 by the late Italia Conti. (An attractive illustrated edition of the story has just been published at 8s. 6d. by Messrs. Harrap.)

Its ever-fresh appeal may be due, as Italia Conti once said, to our feeling that in real life there are dragons yet to be slain, and that it is the St. George who dwells in the heart of even the weakest among us who must go forth to the combat.

British youth has faced and vanquished many dragons since *Where the Rainbow Ends* first took the boards 40 years ago.

CATCH OF THE SEASON

For the past 15 years the Prunier Trophy (a marble herring with accompanying prizes, presented by the owner of a London restaurant) has been awarded to the boat making the biggest catch in the East Anglian herring fishing season.

With only a week to go, and landings showing a decline, it seemed almost certain that this year's competition would be won by the Lowestoft steam drifter Thrifty, with her haul of 290 crans (a cran is 1000 to 1200 fish).

On the last day, however, the Peterhead drifter Star of Bethlehem returned to Great Yarmouth

with a monster catch. When the skipper-owner was homeward bound two other boats offered to take over some of his nets, but he had already estimated his haul as not much short of the Thrifty's.

Unloading took about ten hours, and then it was found that the total cargo amounted to 302 crans. So the 74-ton motor boat from Peterhead won the coveted award, an achievement all the greater because the mate was ashore sick.

When the competition was started in 1936 a Banff boat won the trophy, but until now no other Scots boat has succeeded.

AULD REEKIE'S ROYAL MILE

A five-year plan for restoring and rebuilding many of the houses in Edinburgh's historic Royal Mile has just been announced by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh.

Care will be taken that all the alterations to be made will be in harmony with the rest of the buildings in this historic thoroughfare; for there are few streets with a richer history.

The Royal Mile was once the fashionable quarter of Auld Reekie, and the home of many distinguished men. John Knox, Robert Burns, and Sir Walter Scott often walked its pavements.

The handsome Marquis of Montrose passed up the Royal Mile to his death at the hands of the common hangman, silencing the hooting sightseers with his gallant demeanour. Mary Queen of Scots rode down it to Holyrood Palace between two lines of hostile, jeering townspeople.

One of the most notorious characters who haunted the wynds of the Royal Mile in the 18th century was Deacon Brodie, who by day was a widely respected official, but by night was a most skilful burglar. It was at the foot of Allen's Close, in this ancient thoroughfare, that he used to conceal his tools.

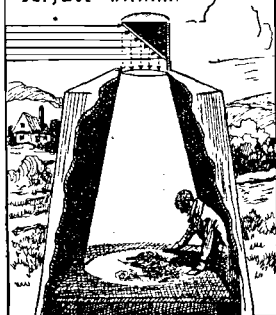
NEW LIBRARY FOR INDIA

Delhi has a new public library, sponsored by the Government of India and Unesco, and Mr. Nehru has described it as "a new venture—for children and adults who have recently become literate."

The library has 10,000 books, including a children's section, with books in English, Hindi, and Urdu. A children's librarian will tell stories to boys and girls to stimulate their desire to read for themselves.

A mobile unit, built in the United States, will shortly be added in order to supply branch libraries, and to start a book service for schools and hospitals.

The camera obscura was a popular form of entertainment about 1833. Lenses arranged over a darkened room projected the outside view downwards onto a white surface within.



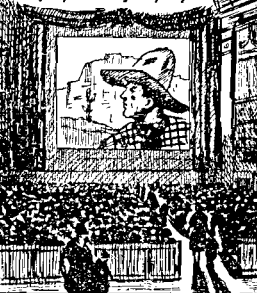
Pioneers 65, W. H. FOX TALBOT, founder of photography

Talbot wondered whether it might be possible to make permanent the pictures which the glass lens of the camera obscura threw upon the paper. He began to experiment.



He tried using paper sensitised with various chemicals, which he exposed for long periods. At last he achieved success.

Daquerre, a Frenchman, preceded Talbot in announcing a 'light-sensitive' process; but Talbot improved his methods, and his discoveries laid the foundations of present-day photography.



NEW ZEALAND'S NEW FORESTS

A forestry scheme in New Zealand, carried out by the State in partnership with private enterprise, has met with outstanding success.

Twenty-five years ago it was decided to lay down a huge forest in the volcanic region between Lake Taupo and the coast of the Bay of Plenty, in North Island. Some 347,000 acres of the north central pumice plateau in the Kaingaroa area was selected. For long this had been regarded as just a barren, desolate waste, where nothing of any worth could be expected to grow.

But those pioneers of a quarter of a century ago—State officials and private traders—had faith, and after an experimental planting of exotic coniferous trees had justified their belief, a large-scale afforestation scheme was decided upon. Some 260,000 acres of barren scrub were planted, mostly with pine trees.

Today this same area is a vast green belt of trees stretching as far as the eye can see. The pines have grown to maturity, for they quickly showed a liking for the warm, dry climate for which the hot lakes around Rotorua is responsible, and reached full growth in half the time taken in other parts of the world.

This man-made forest is now in a position to provide new wealth for the Dominion.

Encouraged by this success, New

Zealand intends to establish her own pulp and paper-making industry at a cost of £25,000,000.

Great new sawmills and pulping plant are to be set up at Murupara, on the banks of the Rangitaiki River, capable of turning out 100 million board feet of timber annually, 100,000 tons of newsprint, 10,000 tons of writing and printing paper, and 15,000 tons of pulp.

Production on current values will be worth nearly £10,000,000 a year. Thus will the foresight of the pioneers be rewarded.

NEW RAILROAD

Some 530 miles of road have already been constructed through the forests. Now it is proposed to build a railway from Edgecumbe to Murupara which will convey the timber from the uplands to the Rangitaiki River, whence it is floated down to the sawmills.

Tree-felling is carried out on the rotational harvesting system. As soon as an area has been cleared, sapling trees are planted so that in 25 years the area will be ready for felling again.

Growing up beside this State-sponsored enterprise, and indeed, encouraged by the Government, is the privately operated Kinleith mill in the Tokoroa district, the largest of its kind in New Zealand. A £3,000,000 programme for new timber processing installations is already well advanced.

But more mills mean more workers, and one of the problems which now has to be faced is the provision of houses. The company has set itself an immediate target of 400 new homes, the largest private industrial housing undertaking in the whole of the Dominion.

Housing will also make a big demand on resources at Murupara. As the site is remote from any town, an extensive housing scheme will be necessary to accommodate the employees and their families. About 1350 dwellings will be needed.

Forest fires are a serious menace to New Zealand's prosperity, and large areas have been destroyed in the past through fires started by careless people. Now the New Zealand Forest Service has a small army and air force on almost continuous patrol.

The fire preventive service is an intricate organisation keyed up to the highest degree of efficiency. On October 1 hundreds of fire-watchers began a vigil which will continue ceaselessly throughout New Zealand's summer, which ends in April.

Fire-watchers on mountain tops and observers in light aircraft are in radio contact with fire control headquarters in Rotorua. On warning being given, fire-fighting equipment can be flown to the outbreak.

FABLE FROM ARABY

Sindbad the Sailor is well known to most of us through pantomime; but the original Sindbad is a character in the Arabian Nights' Entertainment, the most widely known collection of Eastern tales. The title of the work in Arabic is Alf Layla wa-Laya—A Thousand Nights and a Night.

The 1001 Nights is an ancient work. According to 10th-century Arabic writers it was translated into their language from the Persian, and it appears to have been first edited in its present form about A.D. 1450, in Egypt. The first English version translated direct from Arabic was made by E. W. Lane in 1841, and some 40 years later came a full version translated by the great Arabic scholar Sir Richard Burton.

YOUNG WIFE'S TALES

The tales are supposed to have been told by Scheherazade, the bride of a sultan who usually married a new wife every day and had her slain the next.

Scheherazade began her not-very-promising married life by telling the sultan a tale and breaking off at an exciting point, in the time-honoured fashion of serial-story writers. The sultan, naturally curious to hear the rest of the tale, spared her life; and she continued her tales for 1001 nights, when he spared her altogether.

Sindbad is the kind of daring traveller that young people have admired in all ages. Not content to stay quietly at home in Baghdad, he must ever be off to seek adventure in strange lands. And what strange lands they are! Even in this Flying Age the experiences of explorers seem tame beside those of Sindbad, whose strange adventures are illustrated below.

CLEAR THEM OUT

Those old papers and ragged books—aren't they an eyesore in your home? Your local Scouts will gladly collect them and see that they are sent to the mills for repulping.

SINDBAD THE SAILOR—PICTURE-VERSION OF THE ANCIENT STORY (1)

Sindbad was a merchant's son of ancient Baghdad who, having spent nearly all the wealth his father had left him,

decided he would try to retrieve his fortunes by sailing as a trader to distant lands. With what money he had left, he

bought goods to sell, travelled down the Euphrates, and then joined a ship that was just setting out on a long voyage.



Sindbad and some sailors landed on a beautiful island. But it was really a huge fish—which had slept so long that sand had settled on its back and trees had grown. The sailors lit cooking fires, and these awoke the monster.



The vast creature heaved and began slowly to sink. Some of the sailors escaped to the ship, but Sindbad, who had not heard the skipper's warning, was engulfed in the waves that swept over the giant fish as it dived.



When he came to the surface, Sindbad managed to get astride a wooden tub which the sailors had brought from the ship. In despair he watched the vessel sail out of sight. Darkness fell, and all night he clung to his tub.



Next day the wind blew him towards land, and he was washed ashore. He lay awhile exhausted and terribly thirsty. Then a man came out of a cave, and Sindbad told him his story. "Come with me," said the native.

How will Sindbad fare in this strange land? See next week's instalment



The Silver Gentleman Again

by GEOFFREY TREASE

The story so far

Sarah Seatallan has run away to France with Martin Sherwood and the Silver Gentleman to find her brother Philip who has mysteriously disappeared. As they are resting in a wayside wood near Lyons, Sarah's guardian, Lord Lydeard, comes riding in pursuit.

Moonlight in Grenoble

"Six of them," Martin grunted. "Heavy odds!"

Peering through the branches he could recognise two of the men riding at Lydeard's heels. They were the burly ruffians who had held him captive that night in the cellar in Paris. The others looked equally dangerous.

"Do as I say," said the Silver Gentleman coolly. "Lead the horses farther from the road. Sarah, put your hand over your beast's muzzle, like this. We don't want them neighing to the others."

They stood, hardly daring to breathe, in the patchwork shadows of the wood. Their pursuers passed with a hollow rumble of hoofs. Silence fell again, broken only by the humming of insects. The white dust settled on the road once more.

"That was lucky," Sarah gasped.

"They were making too much noise themselves," said the Silver Gentleman.

"But if they had stopped to search the wood—"

"If they stopped to search every wood beside the road," he said with a laugh, "they would scarcely have travelled fifty miles beyond Paris yet. But I should like to know how they manage to be so hot on our scent."

"I—I don't like it," Sarah said with a little shiver.

"They are safer in front of us than behind us, my dear. Let them go." The Silver Gentleman flicked the dust from a tree-stump and sat down elegantly. "We have told nobody where we are heading. Even your crafty guardian can hardly guess that at Lyons we propose striking off eastwards to Grenoble. We are as likely to carry on down the Rhone Valley to Avignon—or even to be bound for Venice. Let him spend this evening inquiring round all the inns of the city, and then let him make his guess."

"AND where shall we be?" asked Martin.

"Certainly not in Lyons. We'll get across the river by the first bridge, or ferry we can find—a bridge, if possible, because bridges cannot talk!—and then we'll take to the byways for a little while. Then, towards evening, if we see a

clean-looking farm—" The Silver Gentleman paused, his eyes twinkling. "We might arrange for one of our horses to cast a shoe, and then beg a simple lodging for the night."

So, doubling on their tracks for the second time, they continued their journey. The vine-clad hills of Beaujolais fell behind them. They crossed the River Saône, quitted France for a day's ride, and cut across a corner of the independent Duchy of Savoy. Then they were over the swift-rushing Rhône, back into the kingdom of France, and on to the road which mounted between wild chalk cliffs to reach Grenoble.

It was savage, terrifying country, especially to Sarah, who had scarcely been out of Southern England before. "But it doesn't frighten me," she vowed. "Only—sometimes—it makes me giddy. It's so very steep and high."

"Wait till we reach Grenoble," laughed the Silver Gentleman. "The skyline is spiked with mountain-peaks all round the city, and so high, the ice and snow do not melt even in summer."

When they rode down into Grenoble the next afternoon, she had to admit that he had not exaggerated.

The ancient city stood beside the Isère, a bustling mountain river which made Thames and Seine alike seem as sluggish as ditches. On all sides, riding above the housetops and filling the view at the end of every street, were the snowcapped ramparts of the Alps.

"And now, to find Master Hawthorne!" said Sarah.

Her face was tense. This was the end of the first stage in their quest. For this she had run from home, crossed the sea, and ridden many hundreds of miles. By tonight she should know the truth about her brother's reported death at Venice. But suppose, after all,

it was a true message he had sent to England? Suppose Philip really lay buried somewhere in Italy? The thought was too frightful to consider.

SHE could scarcely wait while they found an inn and handed over their horses to the stable-boys. Her friends fully understood her impatience. Hungry and travel-stained though they were, they agreed to postpone supper until they had found the man they had come to see.

"An English scholar?" echoed the innkeeper thoughtfully. "There are not a great number here. Let me see..." And he told them where to find one of the officers of the University who might be able to direct them.

It took some time to run this gentleman to earth, and he was then at supper. But the announcement of Lord Meriton's name brought him hurrying forth with apologies. Even after a week's hard riding across the dusty roads of France, the Silver Gentleman somehow managed to look impressive and elegant.

"Hawthorne, my lord? But, of course! The English poet, who looks always so sad—"

"That's the one," interrupted Sarah eagerly.

The man of learning blinked at her with eyes worn weak by too much study of Greek manuscripts. "I will send a servant to guide you, my lord. It is getting dark. You will have difficulty otherwise."

He called. A gentle-faced old man shuffled forward. He was very deaf. He seemed to understand what his master told him, but none of the others was able, afterwards, to make any impression upon him. However, he knew the address of Master Hawthorne's house. He fetched a lantern and lit it with quivering fingers. Then, picking up an immense staff—which might have been for self-defence but was more probably to prevent his collapsing from sheer old age—he bowed ceremoniously and led them out into the darkening street.

It was as well that they had been given him as guide.

Slow though he was, shuffling along and tapping with his staff, he knew where he was going. Had they been left to find their own way, they might have wandered endlessly in the maze of streets. At last he paused at the bottom of one which rose so steeply that it was climbed by steps instead of by a road.

"Are we going up here?" muttered Sarah under her breath. "The poor old fellow will never manage it!"

But the poor old fellow, having taken a few moments' rest, began to climb with determination. It was by now quite dark, but there was a moon which shone whitely on the left-hand houses while plunging the right-hand into inky blackness.

"Listen!" said the girl suddenly, clutching his arm.

"What is it?"

The old man had naturally heard nothing. He continued to shuffle up the street, step by step.

Continued on page 10

The Two 'Tops'

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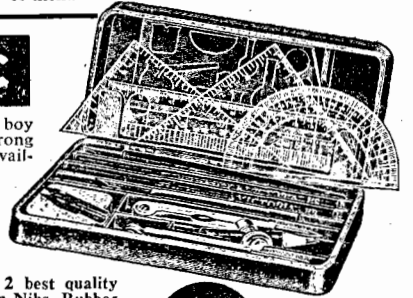
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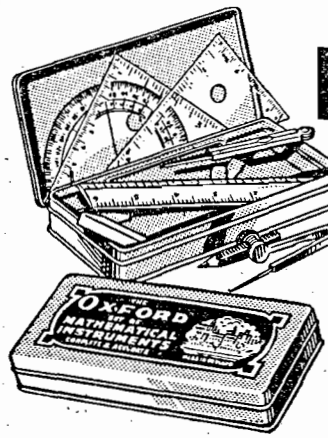
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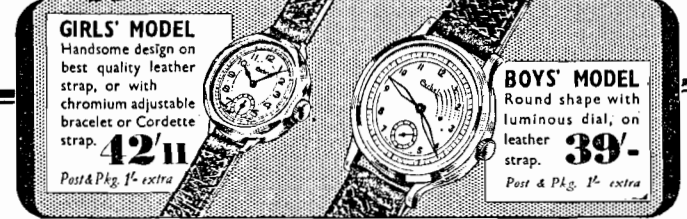
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- 1 On what mountain did Noah's Ark come to rest?
- 2 What is a prima donna?
- 3 How many M.P.s are there?
- 4 Which is the largest tribe of Red Indians in the U.S.?
- 5 What is a Water-Boatman?
- 6 What airport is known as the Aerial Charing Cross of Africa?
- 7 Which football club is nicknamed The Rams?
- 8 How many feet are in a nautical mile?

Answers on page 11

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SPORTS SHORTS

VARIOUS methods of overcoming fog and gloom at football matches have been tried. Last week the CN told of coloured balls. Other methods introduced recently were fluorescent shirts and fluorescent sight boards behind each goal.

PROOF of the improved standard of British athletics is contained in the 1951 Continental ranking list. Eighteen of our athletes are placed in the top ten places of their respective events.

IN the New South Wales championship recently, 21-year-old Mervyn Rose beat Wimbledon champion Dick Savitt and ex-champion Ted Schroeder before narrowly losing to America's Victor Seixas. His performance may win him a place in the Australian Davis Cup team.

AT 21, Clarence de Mar, an American long-distance runner, was told that he had heart trouble and was advised to give up running. Recently, at 63, Mr. de Mar completed his 1000th race, covering a ten-mile course in 68 minutes 48 seconds.

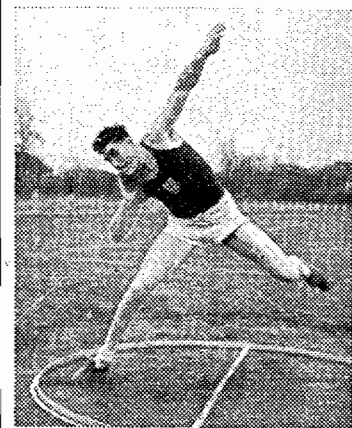
SCOTS girl hockey players finished their unbeaten tour of America with a 17-0 victory over a Westchester and Connecticut team.

DUDLEY NOURSE, one of the greatest of all South Africa's Test skippers, suffered a broken thumb last summer and this has left him with a permanent disability which prevents him gripping a bat properly. Hence his decision to retire. South African cricket has suffered a grievous loss.

ALAN SILVER, who was mentioned in CN last year as a member of the English Schools international football team, is now on the books of Queen's Park Rangers. This young man from Maidenhead is keen to be a first-class goalkeeper, but he is also looking to the future, and his club are allowing him to take a secretarial course at Chiswick Polytechnic.

D. L. PUGH, sports master at the Swansea Grammar School, has been appointed a professional A.A.A. coach to the Midlands. He is a former Welsh javelin champion and set up both junior and senior records; more recently he has been official coaching organiser for the Welsh A.A.A.

TWENTY young British ice-skaters have gone to Oslo to prepare for the Olympic trials, to be held in January. They are working in Oslo to pay for their own coaching.



Well put!

All of John Savidge's 17 stone goes into the effort of putting the shot during practice at Motspur Park, Surrey. Savidge is British and Empire champion.

TERESA HOLT, a 16-year-old pupil at the Tonbridge Grammar School, has already passed the Amateur Swimming Association teachers' examination, although she will not be able to teach until she is 18. Teresa, whose ambitions are to become a games mistress and to swim the Channel, also plays tennis, cricket, hockey, and netball.

THE team of English speedway riders, captained by veteran Jack Parker, begin their Australian tour on Friday, December 14, at Sydney. During their two months Down Under they will have a busy time, for they are to ride in five Test matches, in addition to fulfilling many other engagements.

The Silver Gentleman Again

Continued from page 9

tapping with his staff and holding his lantern sideways to light the way. The Silver Gentleman mounted patiently behind him.

"Someone fighting," said Sarah, and as she spoke there was a muffled crash from inside one of the houses higher up the street, as though a piece of furniture had fallen over.

"This is a poor district," Martin reassured her. "I expect it's some drunken squabble—or it may even just be students playing tricks. We ought not to get mixed up in anything—"

Before she could answer, a blood-curdling cry rang from an upstairs window. Martin's hand went to his sword. The Silver Gentleman had evidently heard this time, for he, too, drew his rapier. Only the old servant still plodded up the hall, panting

and bent forward with the effort.

The cry was repeated, then stopped with a terrible gurgle. There was the rumble of feet hurrying down a hollow wooden staircase. Out of a doorway on the dark side of the street a figure leapt into the moonlight, dagger in hand. He crouched for an instant and even in that brief space Martin saw the dark blood mottling the dagger-blade. Then, as he perceived the little party struggling up the steps towards him, the stranger turned and fled the other way.

The old servant paused and straightened himself as he reached the doorway from which the figure had emerged. Then he spoke for the first time, quietly, as though he had seen and heard nothing unusual. "This, my lord, is where Monsieur Hawthorne lives."

What fearful sight awaits them in the tutor's house? See next week's instalment.



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THE BRAN TUB

TOWN CENTRES

WHEN the first and last letters are taken from the towns suggested by the clues in the first column, the answers to the clues in the second column will then be found.

- | | |
|-----------------------------|----------------|
| 1 German city. | Pain. |
| 2 French resort. | Girl's name. |
| 3 Town in Essex. | Beam of light. |
| 4 Belgian resort. | Kind of gun. |
| 5 University town of Italy. | Limb. |

Answer next week

COUNTRYSIDE FLOWERS

HOP trefoil or hop clover is found in dry fields and pastures. Some 30 to 50 tiny, yellow, pea-like flowers form a head, similar in shape to a hop; hence the first part of the name.

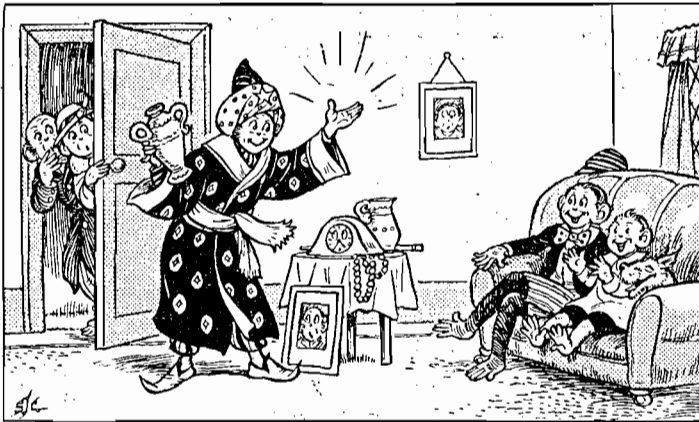
The weak, slender stems trail along the ground; they are slightly hairy and often tinged with red. The leaves

are in the form of three dainty leaflets, the central one possessing a longer stalk than the others.

Wherever a leaf-stalk joins the main stem there are two small green sheathes, apparently covering the join.



JACKO ENTERTAINS A MAGICIAN



Jacko, who so badly wanted to be a magician, soon managed to make friends with the magician appearing at the local theatre. He even invited him home to tea, and, as Father and Mother Jacko were out, the magician said he would give a private show for Jacko and Baby. He had just begun when Mother and Father Jacko walked in—to see their best silver and vases vanishing. They got over their shock after Jacko had explained, but he still thought it wise to do a vanishing act of his own.

Sceptical cat

A CLERK who wanted to be absent from work for a few days was filling in the appropriate form. When he came to "Reason," he wrote: Mother bitten by a cat turned sceptic.

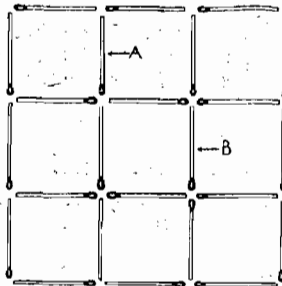
RIDDLE IN RHYME

My first may shed a silvery light,
My next's a kind of heather.
My whole is quite a common bird
That's here in every weather.

Answer next week

HOW MANY SQUARES?

STUDY the 24 matches arranged below and see if you can answer these questions.



How many squares are there?"

How many squares will there be if you remove: Match A? Match B? Matches A and B?

Answer next week

The twister

A TWISTER of twist once twisted a twist. A three-twisted twist was the twist that he twisted. Whilst twisting this twist he untwisted a twist, so he had to re-twist all the twist that he'd twisted!

CHAIN QUIZ

Solutions to the following clues are linked together, the last two letters of the first being the first two of the second, and so on.

1. Massive animal found in Africa and Asia; four extinct kinds lived in prehistoric Britain; has one horn, sometimes two "in line," and an extremely thick hide.

2. Capital city of Norway, known for many years as Christiania; it stands on a natural harbour and is surrounded by beautiful hills.

3. A famous rock on the Rhine where a beautiful maiden of the same name is said to sit, singing and combing her lovely hair, tempting boatmen to their destruction.

4. French civil engineer (1832-1923); built bridges in France, and designed the locks for the Panama Canal; he is best known for the landmark of Paris which bears his name.

Answer next week

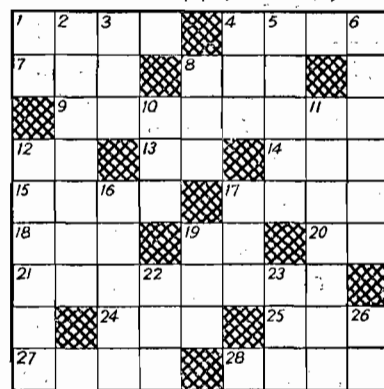
Crossword Puzzle

READING ACROSS. 1 Dextrous. 4 Heroic poem. 7 Single. 8 Before. 9 Gone. 12 Thus. 13 Preposition expressing position. 14 Beverage. 15 Black bird. 17 Thin piece of wood. 18 Snake. 19 Behold. 20 Postscript (abbrev.). 21 Sends forth again. 24 Incline the head. 25 Damp. 27 Observed. 28 Surrender.

READING DOWN. 1 Act. 2 Confirm. 3 Payment. 4 Make mistake. 5 Part of a flower. 6 Students. 8 Devour. 10 Animal's foot. 11 Passe. 12 Frightens. 16 Give opinion. 17 French coin. 19 Pounds, shillings, and pence (abbrev.). 22 Boy. 23 Female sheep. 26 Tonic solfa note.

Answer next week

The Children's Newspaper, December 15, 1951



Not put out

"By the way, Norah," said the mistress to her new maid, "I always take my bath at nine o'clock every morning."

"That's all right, ma'am; it won't interfere with me. I'm never ready for mine until ten."

Dapper capper

THERE was an old fellow named Capper,
Who always looked wonderfully dapper,
Till his neighbour, Tom Faint,
Dropped a large pot of paint,
Which alighted on poor Capper's napper.

LAST REQUEST

THE lazy young man asked the steward to bring him pen and paper. The steward did so and the young man scribbled a few lines.

"Anything else, sir?" asked the steward.

"Yes; just put out your tongue so that I can seal this envelope."

FARMER GRAY EXPLAINS

BEAUTIFUL BRAMBLINGS. Under the beeches a large number of small birds were seeking food.

"Chaffinches!" exclaimed Don to Farmer Gray. "See how pale they are; they look quite different in the winter."

"They are not all chaffinches, Don," replied the farmer. "Those with the dark heads and white patches on their backs are bramblings. They arrive during autumn and leave in the spring. In the summer the male's plumage contrasts even more sharply. The cock brambling's head is then a glossy black, and his brown wings are barred with white and chestnut. The shoulders and breast, too, take on an orange tint; he is a most handsome bird."

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Chain Quiz. Hannibal, Alexandra, Ravel, Eliot

Riddle-in-Rhyme. Turkish delight

Town Centres. Cairo (air); Louth (out); Lewes (ewe); Paisley (aisle); Breda (red)

Reheading. Fox, ox, x

BEDTIME CORNER

Penny for Mr Portly

TINKLE AND SNOWBALL were annoyed. For a long time now a house near Mr. Portly's had been empty, and all three of them had been playing in its garden undisturbed. Now some new tenants had arrived. "Which means," said Snowball gloomily, "that some grumpy grown-up will shoo us off!"

"Or they'll have a bossy cat who'll keep us out!" said Tinkle.

"Or even worse, a yapping dog to chase us," added Snowball despairingly.

"Why not wait and see before you fuss?" suggested Mr. Portly.

So they waited and watched. But no grumpy grown-up, bossy cat, or yapping dog appeared. So in a few days Tinkle and Snowball were play-tag round the bushes again. But Mr. Portly went roof-climbing to peep in at windows, and to discover who really was there.

The other two noticed him gazing in at one window for a long time, but he would not tell them what he saw. Nor

would he after he had done it again the next day.

But on the third day Snowball raced into Mr. Portly's garden crying: "A Tabby has just come out of that house. I heard them call her Penny. She's limping a little, but she doesn't look bossy. I'm going to make friends after all."

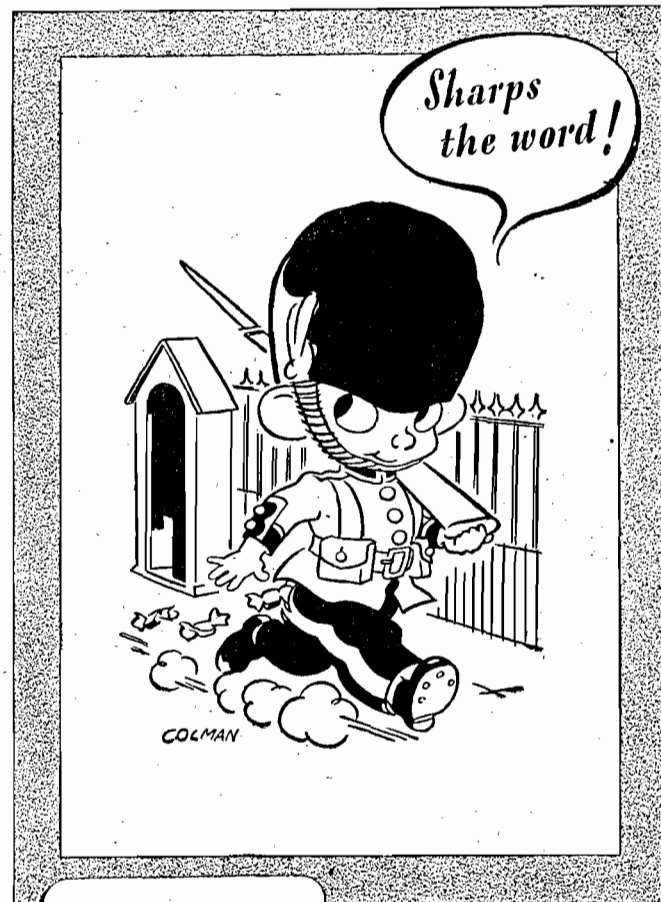
But Penny only said: "Go away!"

Next, Tinkle tried to make friends. But again Penny said: "Go away!"

And then they saw Mr. Portly jump down into her garden. Imagine their surprise when Penny now said: "Welcome! And thank you, kind friend, for staying up to talk to me through the window when I was laid up with this bad leg. Do stay in my garden now."

"So that's what he was doing up there!" cried the other two as off they went. And though they are both friends with Penny now, Mr. Portly is the only one allowed in her garden.

JANE THORNICROFT



Sharps

The word for Toffee



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